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Allegorical Narrative Writing Project

Every country, every town every city, every place has something that it is known for. Strongfield was known for the ever-present, ever powerful heat. The sun shone all day and it barely began to rise in the morning before it was high in the sky shining down on everybody. This meant that the people of Strongfield were used to early mornings. It would be 4 AM and the sun would already think that it was noon. The sun was a showoff, and didn't like to be hidden away. In fact if you asked people back in other generations they would have not heard of a night longer than 5 hours. The people of Strongfield, because of all this light, were very bright in all ways. They were smart, they wore electric colors and costumes, and they were all beautiful. They walked with purpose and never fell or tripped. They were so fluid when they moved; even people working in construction were graceful. Everyone was a never-ending stream of motion and poise and elegance.

Except for Christine. Christine was not beautiful, she was not graceful and she tripped a lot. She was just an average girl in an abnormal town and because of this, Christine was not happy. Christine's parents were workaholics as were most in the town because when you have 19 hour days, you worked more than half of the time. Especially the children and teenagers, they worked the hardest of them all. Her sister was the exact opposite of Christine, but they still got along okay but when they fought it was brutal. Christine had only one thing in that town that made her happy and her name was Emory. She was Christine's best friend. Emory always wears red. Every day Christine looks forward to seeing what red outfits Emory could come up with this time and they were always amazing. She never wore the same thing twice. One time when they

were in elementary school, Emory had worn a plaid flannel shirt and bright red leggings.

Christine took one look at her and burst out laughing because Emory was wearing a huge cherry cowboy hat with a big fake rose in the center. It was hilarious at the time and Emory still had the hat in the back of her closet where she would take it out in order to cheer Christine up when she is in a foul mood.

The other thing that Strongfield was known for was its routine. Nothing unusual ever happened. Everyone woke up and either had work to go to or practice for the kids and teenagers and everyone went to bed at the same time and anything that was different was a shock and unwelcome. So when things started to change in the beginning of September, everyone was taken unaware and unprepared. The monster was the size of a normal human but it had ten heads and so many arms that a person couldn't count. It was always using those arms and hands to clap. It never stopped clapping and it sounded like thunder. So when this monster walked into Strongfield on a crisp September morning everyone could hear it. People poured out of their houses and looked around in confusion trying to find the source of the noise. When at last someone did spot it, the townspeople of Strongfield gasped. The creature was beautiful. Now many people have wondered how a ten headed multi arm thing can be beautiful. Each head was the most gorgeous girl or handsome boy that anyone had ever seen. Since Strongfield was a town filled with beautiful people, the monsters beauty was almost painful to look at. In fact some have said that they went temporarily blind or had flashes of pain in their eyes if they looked at the creature for too long.

Christine lived in the suburbs of Strongfield so of course she was the last one to hear of the monster. She walked to school like it was a normal day because it was to her. She was just

becoming aware of the emptiness of the town. Where were the people rushing off to practice and the children rushing off to lessons? Where were the teenagers who always worked so hard? They would never miss a day off. She started to slow her pace when she saw the massive shadow at the end of the street. She stiffened. The thing rounded the corner and rested its gaze on Christine. She shrunk and spun her head around searching for help, but everyone had bolted their doors against the monster. Christine's heart began to pound and she was about to run away when the monster spoke. All ten heads spoke in unison and all of their sickly sweet voices sent shivers up and down her spine.

"You are such a small girl to be living in a town this big all by yourself." The monster said its voice dripping with false sincerity. It tilted all ten heads back, examining her closely.

"I'm not alone!" she said indignantly. "It just seems that way because everyone around me is hiding, I suspect because of you. But I am not afraid."

"You do not look very strong little girl. You have some nerve to face us down."

"Strength has different meanings Mr. Monster."

"We will see about that because since you are the only one around you are the one I pick and you are the one I will deliver my message to." The monsters heads all stopped talking except for a blond girl head in the middle. She smiled and asked, "How old are you?" Her voice held mild curiosity with an underlying motive that Christine picked up on.

"Fourteen." Christine spoke back confidently not intimidated by the monster. All ten head began to chatter at once looking at each other except for one dark haired male head that looked right at her and grinned. It was a grin that made Christine feel like she had walked into a trap and he had her exactly where he wanted her.

“We are here for one reason and one reason only” they all said at the same time. “We want to have fun and we want you to entertain us.” Christine blinked. That was nothing. Everyone was locking their doors and running away and all this creature wanted was a show. She scoffed and folded her arms tilting her chin up and glared at the monster.

“Now don’t laugh at us yet little girl. For every your town fails then I will take something away from you.”

“Will it be just me in the show or would you like a big production?” she said it a little sarcastically but got a serious answer.

“Do whatever it takes.” They all said.

“Well then you have to leave.” She said firmly.

“Whyyyyyy?” The monster whined all of its faces looking sad and Christine giggled before she looked up and saw that the dark haired male head was still staring at her, not taking part in the others reluctance. She stopped smiling and remembered that they were evil and seeing them acting like a child made no sense. They had threatened her and she hardened her resolve.

“Because then it won’t be a surprise and none of the townsfolk will come out of their houses.” She said reasonably. The monster pouted and then nodded.

“We will be back in a week and if it is satisfactory then we will take something from you and trust us, you will not like it when we take it because it will be something that you will miss very dearly if you even remember having it in the first place.” It stalked away.

Christine stood in the center of the street trembling. She was not scared she was mad. *

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She told everybody. They has one more day left and the whole town was busy and bustling. People were running to and from houses. Others were carrying set props and costumes to the central park where it was decided the show would be held. Christine was well loved in this town. Despite her distaste with the town and her not being the most attractive one there, she was funny. She made the townsfolk laugh so when they heard that she was in trouble they immediately offered their assistance. Only a couple people thought that she made it up and refused to take part in the project.

It was nearing dark and people finished the last rehearsal and cleaned everything up. Everyone went to bed early so they could practice a little more in the morning. The sun was still high in the sky. Christine trotted back to her house with Emory at her side. They didn't talk they were so nervous about tomorrow. They parted ways as Christine turned onto her street and went inside her house. Her mom was sitting in the living room reading and her dad was baking food for the show dinner. Her mom got up and hugged her when she came in and sent her to bed.

The next day Christine bounded down the stairs and her mom and dad wished her luck. They would be attending the show but they would come a little later. She ran out the door and walked to the central park. The park was a flurry of costumes and lights and sets. There were so many people there that Christine felt that she was backstage of a huge Broadway performance and not her own show. Christine had done most of the planning herself and the rest of them just had seen those plans into reality. Everyone was rushing because they knew that the monster would come at any moment. Just then Emory bounded up to her. Today she wore a red tutu and leather leggings with a sparkly tank top. She was beaming as she reached Christine and tumbled into her.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry I’m sorry I just didn’t realize you were so close.” Christine laughed at her eccentric friend.

“Any way, I have something for you” she said. Her eyes were gleaming with suppressed excitement. “Here.” She thrust a pair of black dance shoes into her hands and grinned. She took them but Emory could see the confusion cross her face.

“I know you are not performing but I know you love to dance and I thought they would sort of be a good luck charm.” Christine grinned and hugged Emory tight.

“Thank you so much” she whispered and Emory could tell that on the inside she was freaking out about the show.

They felt it then, the sudden silence. They couldn’t hear the preparations anymore and it seemed even the wind stopped. Christine knew they had arrived. She ran out into the field and saw the creature sitting in front of the stage. She walked over to it and tapped it on the shoulder.

“Are you ready?” she asked as more of a challenge then a question. The monster just grinned and gestured towards that stage. The lights dimmed and the play started. She gripped the dance shoes tightly in her hand. Christine had written a story about unrequited love, something that was extremely popular in Strongfield right now and she thought she did a good job with everything. She helped design the costumes and she wrote the script. It lasted about an hour and Christine was impressed. With the little time that they had to put it all together she thought that it was good. Great even. There were only a couple other people watching and they laughed and gasped at all the right parts and Christine smiled. When the curtain finally fell she looked over at the monster sitting beside her expecting them to be just as impressed. The monster turned all ten heads toward her and said all at the same time “No.” and that was it. No explanation was given

except for the quick statement that she had another week to do it again or they would take something bigger than what they will take right now. The monster turned and left the park. Christine slumped back onto the chair as everything hit her at once. Her confidence was gone and the only thing going through her mind was *I'm not good enough I'm not good enough I'm not good enough*. She looked up and saw Emory, her mom, her dad and everyone who helped converging on her and she bolted. She ran all the way home into her room where she locked the door, flung herself onto her bed and began to sob.

A few hours later there was a knock on her door. Christine just assumed that her parents had gotten locked out and she went downstairs to let them in. When she opened the door her parents were not the ones standing there. There was a short blond woman with a blue star on her forehead. She smiled at Christine and stuck out her hand. Christine shook it.

"My name is Brenda and I am here to tell you not to give up." Christine stared at her blankly. "I know right now you are starting to feel the effects of the monsters stealing so I will try to make this to the point. I have seen this monster before, I know what it takes and I can help you." Christine folded her arms and her lip trembled as a sudden fresh wave of hopelessness engulfed her and her knees shook. Brenda put a reassuring hand on her shoulder and Christine relaxed.

"I know you can do it." Brenda said as she pushed past Christine into her house. "Let's get to work." She plopped down onto Christine and pulled out a notebook. "Now," she said sensibly, "What's your favorite song?"

Three days later Christine broke down again. Brenda picked her up from the floor like she always did and murmured things in her ear until she calmed down again. Brenda told her that these attacks were an effect of the monsters taking but she never said what the monster had taken. All Christine knew was that she was overtaken by a wave of discouragement and self-loathing until she couldn't breathe. Brenda and Christine had been practicing hard every single day. They have decided that for this second attempt Christine would perform by herself. She was terrified but determined and Brenda did all the choreography this time. It was to Christine's favorite song and she felt more passionate about the dance when she listened to it. She wore the shoes that Emory gave to her at every practice and she poured all her heart into that dance. Brenda was amazing. She gave her advice and comfort and Christine felt like she was soaring ever time the first notes started.

Now as the day once again approached, Christine was officially nervous. She didn't know what the monster would take from her this time but she still felt the pain rippling through her and all the times she wanted to give up and she stiffened her spine and kept on practicing. The day came and Christine walked steadily towards the same stage as the first show and like the first time the monster sat facing the stage unaware of her approach behind him. She tapped him on the shoulder and all of the heads turned and grinned at her.

"Are you ready?" they asked all together and she just smiled right back at them and nodded. She climbed onto the stage and the lights dimmed. She was wearing a blue dress that Brenda made for her. I flowed and swayed every time she moved. The music started and she smiled as she began to dance. The music swelled and she reached her arms up and twirled

feeling the notes wash over her. She tilted her head up and laughed. She jumped and flew and all the time she was perfectly in time to the music. She felt like she was soaring.

After it was over, she stood in the middle of the stage panting slightly, staring at the creature apprehension written all over her face. They were all talking to each other in whispers except for that one male who just stared at her with a smirk.

“Stop.” He said to his fellow heads. “It is clear that she has surpassed our expectations”

Christine kept her hands steady as joy flooded her. The other heads glared at the betrayer but he just smiled and said, “We will leave this town in peace and I congratulate you and give back the thing we stole” Protests broke out amongst the other heads but he seemed to be in control. Christine felt something whoosh into and she felt so proud and she just wanted to dance forever and ever.